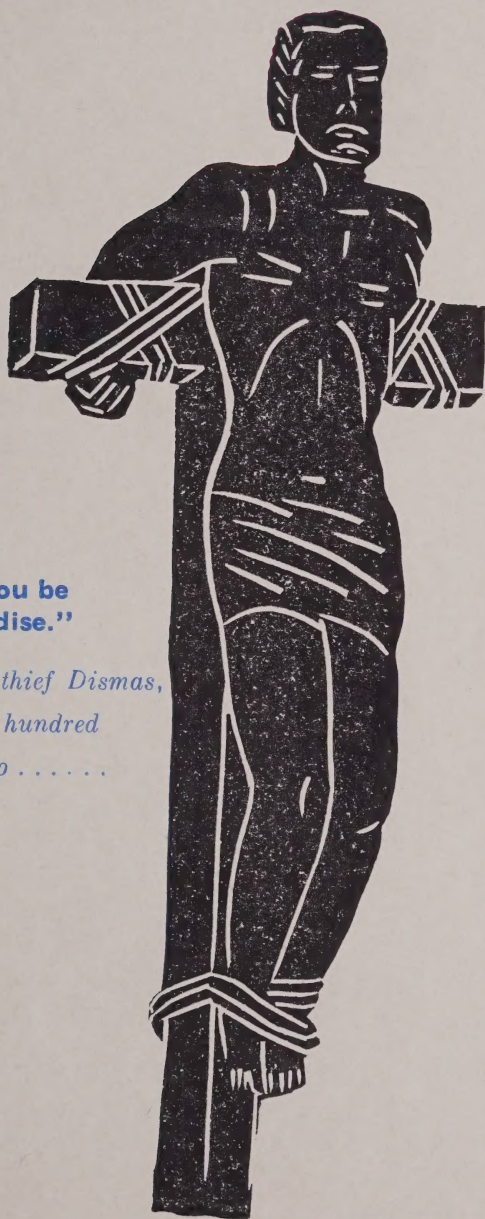


the MOUNTAIN
ECHOES

CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY
LIBRARY



**"Today shalt thou be
with Me in Paradise."**

*Jesus Christ to the thief Dismas,
one thousand, nine hundred
and thirty years ago*

March - April

the MOUNTAIN ECHOES

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STIRTISTICS:

High Number	- - - - -	8553
Low Number	- - - - -	4739
Received	- - - - -	34
Transferred In	- - - - -	1
Transferred Out	- - - - -	1
Discharged	- - - - -	19
Paroled	- - - - -	2
Escapes	- - - - -	0
Population	- - - - -	502

A Special Editorial...

She has an average of two hundred men waiting for a word from her.

She has four hundred and eighty-five men asking for her health and happiness.

She is a guardian angel and good samaritan to all these men.

And her name is Randi Villiers.

Randi is a patient in Ninette San.. For several years now, she has sent words of comfort in the form of greeting cards, radio broadcasts, and letters to many of the men in here whom she does not know, and will probably never see. But in her own kindness, she has seen the need for comfort and encouragement in their loneliness.

Her mailing list must be a mile long.

At Christmas, it is a regular occurrence in the institution to hear cries of, "Hey! I got a card from Randi!" Indeed, some men who have been here only a short while receive their card, and spend a rather nervous night in their cells, wondering what young lady they have forgotten to put on their mailing list. But it is soon made apparent to them. Randi's name is on everyone's lips.

We here on the Echoes have a somewhat more personal interest in Randi, since we are, as far as we know, the only contact the boys have with her.

But the whole institution is on her side, rooting for her recovery, and wishing her long-lasting health and much happiness.

Randi, you're a living, breathing doll, and we all love you madly.

Happy Easter, Randi

from all your friends in the Walled-off Astoria

NEWS

BRIEFS

N.P.B. MEMBER A VISITOR.

Miss Louise Lynch, only woman member of the National Parole Board, visited this institution on Monday, March 12th. This was only one stop on her tour of regional offices of the board, jails and penitentiaries across Canada.

Described by the newspapers as a vital, enthusiastic, pepper and salt haired holder of strong and considered opinions, Miss Lynch once had a very punitive attitude. She felt that anyone sentenced to life should die in his cell. Since joining the Parole Board, though, she has learned much about these men and their crimes and her attitude has changed completely.

Miss Lynch was formerly a cooperation lawyer in St. John, New Brunswick where she practised for 25 years.

T.B. CLINIC.

The Sanitorium Board of Manitoba held a clinic here on Monday, March the 19th and Friday, March the 23rd. They conducted tubercular tests on inmates and custodial staff. Skin tests were given on Monday and X-rays were taken on Friday.

This clinic is supported by Easter Seals and funds donated by the Associated Canadian Travellers.

CONTEST

The Mountain Echoes recently held a Writers' Contest. Each Contestant chose his own topic, Fiction, Poetry, etc. The winners were;

1. J. Wannop
 2. G. DeTonnancourt
 3. B. Kay
-

gotnya lots trubble

C. Engel

(Due to the fact the Russian hockey team decided not to come over this year, we wonder, could this be the reason?)

Lower Slobbovia

Salt Mine No. 2

March 16, 1955

My Dear Friend:

Boy I gotnya lots trubble. You remamber ven I vass in Vinnibeg Canada und zee dis game hockey I come home to play a coppie teams? Vell I zeeink dat time too a game call hop scotch. Batter I should have lorn to play it!

Anyvay she vass hockey und ve play pretty goot. First I gat vew big shot solchers to play on team and always ve vinnink or else iss somebody goink Nort, and in 1954 ve figurink iss time for play in vorlt champeen game. Here vass dock zoop. Bonch boms from Canada go home and gattink lost and our boys iss champ-een from Vorlt.

Now starts trubble and I gass I vass too smart. I vass figurink ve can beat does odder bunch Canadians wot playink hockey in bush along-side birds, bears und policemen. You know who I meanink. does Canadians who play between Maple Leafs, Bruins, Red Birds and Rangers. Rangers iss some kind policemen in Maple Leaf bush. Vell instead iss coming from Canada April 6, 1955 some nodder kind bonch guys from Penticton, B. C. to play vorlt champeen "B.C.". I gass meanink best in Canada because ve shure got lassion from hockey, grade "A" large economy size.

First iss two goals and road nort iss looking close. Now iss von more goals und road she's vide open clear. Bang, bang two more goals and ve're on our way.

How I'm makink zo much mistake? I tell you boy. I findink out I'm knowink nottink from hockey. I figurink ven guy on loudspeaker zay "time 11:15" he got bom vatch because by me iss half pastnine. I figure body check iss lookink if you needit D.D.T.. I gass in Canada if you gotnya bugs you smash'em between two pippie because dis bonch Penticton guys shure halp us out. Chargink I tinkink iss for store if you askink cradit. Clippink iss all right clippink. Vrom dis you could nat goot haircut. Elbowink I tot vass for makink room at table. Here boy I shure

makink big mistake because my boys hockey team gotyna boms lookink like Tuesday mornink vrom Ukrainian veddink. Interference iss not vot iss meanink mine you business. It's meanink, stick you nose everyplace and make lots trubble.

All dis and more I'm lorn from does Pentiction guys too late. Now I'm number 4 showfull in salt mine number 2, Lower Slobbovia.

Everybody knows for shure it's medal and vodka ven Canada don't make easy game from Czeck boys. Ve tink iss same bonch boms got lost from last year. But go ahead our game and ve pass lots but it's more like pass in bridge game. Ve gotit nottink support hand. She's go good to blue line den Pow! house fall down and my boys sayink hello to pippel in top row stands. Ve got not nough trouble but on top is goldmine from our side helpink in puck to net. To bad Jack, for you iss not salt mine. For you iss pfutt! Ve go ahead, ve get knocked down. Ve go ahead some more, ve get knocked down some more till iss like railroad engine fireman who iss fillink train full from vater and fall in tank. Engineer told him, "Just fill her up bub, just fill her, no need to stomp it down." My boys da same. Not enough to fall down, dey have to get pushed in yet.

Von and no goals ve got. Two periods, some more no goals. Looks batt. Now iss rest time before last time go ahead. Outside iss two bonch Russian tzavilians. One bonch vot smiles, hass bottle openers, pretzels and copple vimin for ven ve vin. Odder bonch gotnya just batter vateh out look. Dis last bonch not good so ve go out figurink goals and glory or shutout and vashout. Next tink is bang bang copple more goals for Pentiction and our whole bonch team lookink around and givink goldmine batt look. Dot bom ve trow out to "batter vateh out" guys tzavilians, but iss now too late and nort road iss here.

Maybe if I'm showfulink lots from salt I gat chance again to beat champeen team from Canada. If not, in 1957 iss in Moscow tournament and by golly ve got Autom pomp and ve use her for puck.

Metro Dombrowski,
No. 4 Showful,
No. 2 Salt Mine,
Lower Slobbovia

/ / / /

Contrary to Sam's beliefs, the next man shot into space
will be our letter writer Metro.

the "FLOATER"

Star Editorial on Citizen 'Rights' Posed Question on 'Order' Legality

(Reprinted from the Editorial page, Sudbury Daily Star)

Text of the editorial published in The Sudbury Star on Jan. 27th was as follows:

The federal government infrequently refers a matter to the Supreme Court of Canada for an opinion. It will be remembered that the constitutional question on the manufacture and sale of margarine in Canada was handled in this manner. The learned judges held that the manufacture and sale of the butter substitute in this country was lawful.

Would the federal government consider posing another question to the Supreme Court of Canada? For reasons that are apparent it is unlikely that the question of law would ever be pursued by a penalized individual.

The question: Where does a magistrate, or a police officer, get the authority to order a person to leave town?

Supplementary question: Under what law can such an order be enforced?

It is not an uncommon practise for magistrates or the police to order a person to leave a community. Such a case was reported in Sudbury only this week. A man was charged with having a revolver without a permit. He pleaded guilty was given suspended sentence and "ordered" to leave town.

Persons in this position seldom have the money, friends or influence to appeal such an order through the higher courts. It may be argued that such orders are only issued against persons considered by law enforcement agencies to be undesirable. It may also be felt that such persons are likely to commit a crime. But do these things have any weight in law? And what about Canada's Bill of Rights? One of its stipulations is "the right of the individual to life, liberty, security of the person....the right of the individual to equality before the law and the protection of the law...."

It was Prime Minister Diefenbaker who "fathered" the Bill of Rights. Is he satisfied that every Canadian citizen is getting his "rights" under the law? The deportation or "exile" of a citizen from a community is a matter worth pursuing.

'JUSTICE MUST NOT ONLY BE DONE BUT APPEAR TO BE DONE.'

First response from Prime Minister Expressed Personal Opinion.

I have not secured a legal opinion on the question raised but I believe that there is no authority in a magistrate or a police officer to order a person to leave town. This is a reprehensible practice but nothing can be done to prevent such an order being made, although on appeal in my opinion it would be quashed.

It is a well-known premise that justice must not only be done but appear to be done. To exile an individual as a condition of a minimum sentence is a travesty of justice. It is suggested that this should be referred to the Supreme Court of Canada for an opinion. I do not believe that it is the kind of question properly to be submitted to the Court as the answer is clear and obvious. However, I am taking the liberty of forwarding your letter and the editorial to the Department of Justice for its consideration, and when I have had a reply I will write you again.

Yours sincerely,

'IT WOULD SEEM THAT SUCH AN ORDER IS A NULLITY.'

Second Letter Based on Study by Justice Department Officials.

With reference to your letter to me regarding the practice on the part of magistrates and police officers of ordering a person to leave town, I have had the whole matter looked into and find there is no express opinion in the Criminal Code authorizing such an order to be given. Therefore it would seem that such an order is a nullity, although the person to whom it is directed would have to consider what action might be taken against him if he disregarded the order.

It would appear, too, that if a magistrate is merely trying to get rid of a person who is considered undesirable, a condition of exile imposed on him might be challenged as invalid. Indeed, it might come within the wording of "cruel and unusual treatment" under section 2, paragraph (b) of the Bill of Rights.

I hope that the foregoing will be of some help and I would suggest that where cases are known to take place they should be brought to the attention of the Attorney-General of the province.

If there is any further information you require, please write me.

With all good wishes and best regards, I am,

Yours sincerely,

Norwood-St. Boniface Legion Presents

★ All-Star Show ★ ★

Once again, on the afternoon of Sunday, February 18th., the Norwood & St. Boniface Legion invaded Stony with a host of well known and talented entertainers. Recreational Supervisor, W.J. Hancock, welcomed the performers and then turned the mike over to Berks Baker, who was to do the M.C.s chores for the show.

Jack Parkins and his band then got the show rolling as they opened with "There'll Never Be Another You". With Jack at the Piano, Don Allen on Guitar, Ray Tallin on Clarinet, Tom Prescott on Bass and Al McDermit on Drums, the band backed up Berks Baker as he sang "Bye Bye Blackbird", and did the "Twist" too! WOW, it sure must be hard on the Sacroiliac. I especially liked their playing of "It's All Right With Me".

Norm (Gracie Fields) Howarth, the man with two voices, brought back memories as he sang "When Your Smiling", "Wish Me Luck" and "Walter, Lead Me To The Altar" ala Gracie. His own voice was pleasing too as he sang "You Don't Know Me" and "Lover Come Back To Me". Wally Bullas accompanied him on the Piano.

Norm Nutter and his Cavaliers delighted the audience with such tunes as "Maple Sugar", "Guitar Boogie Shuffle" and "Springtime Polka". The joint was jumpin' as Gord Duke on Drums, Todd Baraniuk squeezing the Accordion, Pete Preston on Sax, Ken Kletke and Orest Toby on Guitars and Norm Nutter on Violin, gave out with "The Saints Go Marching In". Orest Toby sang "I Wish That I Could Fall In Love Again" and "Candy Kisses".

Dave McIntosh got plenty of laughs as he came forward with his Pogo Stick. Dressed in patches, Dave played this thing by bouncing it around the stage to jiggle the many washers strung around it, tooting the three horns attached to it and strumming the long springs on it with some kind of a wand. Norm Nutter and Ken Kletke supplied the music.

Whenever Arlene & Berks Baker appear here, they can always be depended upon to keep the audience in an uproar. Their Champagne Party can only be described as hilarious. I can't explain, you would have to see it and then you would shout for more. Berks then gave the audience a music lesson, although I don't think they learned anything. The Bakers had a real treat for us. They brought with them their ten year old son, played by Ronnie Boaler. Ronnie kept pleading with daddy to "Tell Me A Story". By the way, Ronnie is a Beerwaiter at the Norwood Legion. Quite a feat for a ten year old, but then he is kind of big for his age. Another act of theirs that has to be seen to really be enjoyed, was their Dwarf from Minneapolis. It is really something.

A newcomer, Jackie Burns from England, proved that they are not all squares over there. Singing Country and Western tunes and also some Rock and Roll, Jackie amazed us all. "North To Alaska", "Jailhouse Rock", "Danny Boy", "Just Walk On By" and "Long Tall Sally" were some of his numbers. A real versatile entertainer. Come back soon, Jackie.

Another newcomer was Rev. Hanson. Rev. Hanson put on a display of Bagpipe playing that was different. Usually you don't hear a piper switch from one song to another; songs that were not written to be played on the pipes. But Reverend Hanson did this and how much the audience enjoyed it was shown by their applause. We say to you also, Rev., come back soon.

It was a great show. Pete Roski, inmate councilman, thanked the entertainers and the sponsors on our behalf. When he asked the audience to show their appreciation, the applause was deafening. We hope to see them all again, in the very near future.

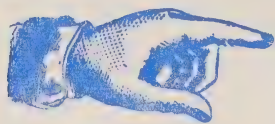


"HELP CRIPPLED CHILDREN"

Buy

Easter Seals

The Finger-man



" I cannot tell a lie "

Hear there's quite a few guys after Fergie's job. Keep up the good work, Ferg. Jake McLean did a five day bit in Rupert Street. Phil Boily gazing dreamily across the basketball court the other P.M.. Who is known as the HOUSE MOTHER in the Tailor Shop? Is it really the big guy? Heard the Committee is planning on running a raffle with tickets two years old. How old is the prize? The new secretary in the Library is having a simply terrible time of it. Gracious me! If anyone says over two words the typing is ruined for 15 minutes. Vic Lamont reads Ranch Romances and cries at the movies. Library Scotty is the nastiest, snarliest old Scotchman I've ever seen. Chick doesn't stand to be a loser after the Committee elections. He made the campaign posters for everybody. Dunc, (the World's Worst Curler) helped quite a bit to blow the bonspiel. Rolly Jonasson bought three raffle tickets and gave two away for nothing? C'mon, c'mon. Not the Rolly Jonasson I know. MacDonald has so much weed and so many deals going for him, he's a walking bundle of IOU's and nerves. Warning to Big Jim McCulloch and Little Stan Nash - - one of these nights you boys are going to find out that those two guys you've been playing bridge with are really stick-up artists behind those cheaters and big hats. (Did you ever get held up with a cigarette holder?) Bill Lyons had his neck stuck out so far on the Port Arthur Bearcats, he lost neck, head, shoulders, both arms, and a leg. . A guy asked Jim Munroe, " What's two and two ?" He says, " I don't know. It doesn't beat three of a kind, though. (Does it, Rolly Jonasson?)

Ron Till has broken the record. He has played the first eight notes of the 'Peter Gunn' theme eight thousand, four hundred and one times, and hasn't played one note past them yet. Who are the jar thieves in the Library? How about it, Vic, Frank, Benny, and Shady? Harry the Horse is wired again. And for stereophonic sound, yet ! (I hear he was almost unwired not too long ago.) Al and Mitch cleaning up. Jack Conway, now that he's gotten over the bull-horrors and is being removed from the fangs, five at a time. says that if he can't eat, he won't bring his tray up, & the guys on the range are starving to death. Jake McLean is so interested in rehabilitation that when he goes to the D.C. meetings, the first thing he says is, "What lesson is this?" Hammy is CHEAP CHEAP. Six bucks a week at least, the guy makes, and he won't even buy a little coffee for his buddies. Gordie Unrow said that everyone begged him to run for the committee in the election, but he felt that his wonderful disposition & his good looks would have influenced the voters, and it would have have been unfair. Johnny Heikennen looking awfully friendly these days. If I got as many votes as he did, I wouldn't speak to anyone at all. (especially Trader Vic). Little Frank says the development of the brain is the most important thing. And his brain is like my eggs usually are, cold and scrambled. Tinny is sporting a new hat, I think his hat connection found it behind the rink after the snow melted. Long Dave has come up in the world. Instead of sitting around the office, cutting up old jack-pots and planning the greatest career in the annals of crime, he now gets to wash my tray three times a day. (Gaining weight?) Memo to the C.B. Diamond: The Horse is a little worried about his buddy. Bill McIsaac checked into the hospital in Kingston for a WHAT ?? -

I'll be watchin' you. . . .

an IMMORAL ISSUE

"Why, why, why!"

He lay on his cot, sobbing into his pillow, with the shadow of the bars falling across his body. In the dimming light, you could just barely see the grey feathering his hair. As he lay crying, one hand under his chest, the other was hanging limply over the edge of the cot, touching the cold, damp, concrete floor. Clutched tightly in his hand was a letter that began:

"Dear Lyle:"

For eighteen months the letters had always begun with, "My Dearest One" and now--- "Dear Lyle". When he first received the letter, he felt a sudden burst of emotion, for wasn't it a week since he had received the last one? Hadn't it been a week of anguish, of worry, of sudden outbursts? But then, finally, the letter he had waited upon for what seemed like an eternity; the letter that would reassure him that everything was fine at home; that the children were well; that he was loving as well as being loved. This was the letter he had been waiting for.

As he entered his cell, his eyes fell upon the pale blue envelope, tossed hurriedly upon the floor by the mailman, but now resting innocently and virginal, somewhat resembling a rattlesnake the second before striking. He picked it up, sniffed for perfume, then tore it open.

"Dear Lyle," it began. "Do you love me?", it went on.

Under his breath he whispered, "I do, my darling. I do, I do." Tears formed in his eyes as his lips shaped the last "I do" and when they cleared, he continued to read.

".....and it was nothing serious, darling, you know that, but things just got out of hand and Val and Carl just happened to walk in. I'm sorry darling, but now I don't know what to do. Maybe if we...."

The rest of it was lost to him as he fell, staggered to his bed, tears rolling silently down his cheek and his shoulders shuddering with the silent sobs. Over his radio, a sad, melancholy song added to his misery but miraculously, as the song ended, so did his tears. Now he was thinking with a somewhat rational, but confused mind.

“Was she to blame?” he asked himself. He remembered hearing other men talk about their wives; how they solved their problems by kicking their wives out, children and all. But could he do that? Who was he to tell his wife to pack her baggage and leave when he was an inmate of a penitentiary? He remembered other letters, other visits, when she had told him how lonesome it was and how aggravating it was to sit at home with no radio, no T.V. and nothing that would give her a break in the monotony of “doing her time”. Was she to blame for this? No! It wasn't she who robbed that store, was caught, tried, convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary. It was himself!

Suddenly he sat up and reached for the letter-paper and a pen. When he had them before him, he started a return letter to her.

“Mildred...” was as far as his sub-conscience would allow him, but his mind was racing far ahead composing a letter that would both “shock and tell her where to get off.” As he stopped, he asked himself if this was the proper thing? What would be solved by telling his wife that he didn't want her anymore; that he was tired of receiving “Dear Lyle” letters and letters from so-called friends? No! She wasn't to blame! Yes, she had three children at home but still, she is human and four years is a long time to wait for a man that doesn't know, himself, if he'll continue in crime or cease coming to the penitentiary.

As he continued to sit motionless, with pen poised to continue writing, he remembered a passage from his little-used Bible. As far as he could remember, it went, “he who has not sinned, cast the first stone.” And he remembered the many sins he had committed against himself, his wife and children, and society in general. He had sinned! And he lay his pen down only to pick it up again and begin writing again.

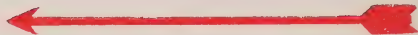
“My dearest ones,”



Let the flame of Love and Wisdom burn in your heart and you will see—the darkness of hatred will stand no more—the cold of ignorance is done away; for Love is Light—Wisdom is heat!!

LIVE IN LIGHT — — — ACT IN WISDOM

‘vichara’



Sam Says :



Right away I've got a problem.

The man says, "Get a haircut."

Little Sam says, "If you get your hair all cut off, I won't come and see you any more. You'll look like a convict, or something."

So what's new ?

★

I DIG :

- . . . Julius LaRosa. . The new album just swings and swings and swings.
- . . . George McCloy on 'OB. . Hey, man ! How does it feel having half the housewives in Winnipeg waiting for you to call ? Wheeeew !
- . . . Howard Langdale (again). . Will the Hawaii sun-tan last until summer ?
- . . . *Everybody* on OB, for that matter. . A swingin' station. We're all hummin'.
- . . . Naked City, on Channel 7. . The *only* good program on TV, really.

I DON'T DIG :

- . . . Johnny Mathis . He sounds like he has just eaten about three gallons of sweet, sweet molasses, and it's lying dormant in his stomach and any minute, like, uh, you know.
- . . . Jayne Mansfield. . 'Course I'll say one thing for her. She can swim.
- . . . Guys who go around with printed cards saying they are the best curlers in the world
- . . . Jacques Plante. . Come on, Masked Marvel, what's with this throwing the stick and screaming on every goal? I have heard a very hot rumor that there *are* players in the NHL who can occasionally hit the net. (Like my boy, Gordie Howe, the greatest player who laced on a pair of skates) I mean, they can't *all* be lucky shots! Give us a break..

I WONDER:

- . . . If anyone really *cares* about the Winnipeg Maroons and about getting them into a league ? I think that there are many leagues they could hold their own in, and many they would not overpower. After all, they beat the team chosen to represent Canada in the World Hockey Championships, and from the way it looked to me, they didn't work up too much of a sweat at it, either.
- . . . If the Goldeyes will really draw the crowds, and if anyone will go down in history as the first person to freeze to death at a baseball game.
- . . . If anyone enjoys getting income-tax returns any more than I do. (Makes you feel a little dishonest, doesn't it ? . . Ain't it a kick ?)

. . . If Bathless Groggins will finally choke to death. I mean, for years now, it's been, "Well, (sob) I'll tell you (gasp). I don't really (choke) know what to do." (urp) (rattle) (wheeze). Do you suppose it's all those beautiful chicks?

I PREDICT:

. . . New York Yankees to win the World Series in six games. The American League Batting Champion: Mickey Mantle. Roger Maris will not break forty homers this year. No prediction on the National League, since it appears to have gone all to pieces, what with a haywire ball park (S.F.), a grumbling team (Milwaukee), a team that plays over their heads (Cinci.), a team that doesn't even know what it's like to win (Cubs), a team of untalented players, being helped by one aging baseball great, Stan Musial (St. Louis), and a team of unwanted players, (Mets). But, even in their first year, the Mets will not be last as long as Ol' Case runs them.

. . . The lowest death rate for drowning in Canada will be in Northern Manitoba, where the ice will stay until the middle of August and then a cold spell will set in.

. . . The first man on the moon in 1963 will be from Winnipeg. His name will be Juba. The second man on the moon in 1963 will also be from Winnipeg. His name will be Bonneycastle. No one else will arrive on the moon for at least 20 years, until it is decided whether it will be known as Greater Moon or Metropolitan Moon. When this has been decided, and the algae has been removed from the water, the next man will arrive. His name will be E.P. Taylor. He will then buy the whole thing and we will forever be blessed with a guaranteed supply of beer and race-horses.

★

Silent Gene Hutchinson, who comes from Flip Flop, or Flim Flam, or Ding Dong, or.....Well, anyway, one of those places up north, came bouncing into the office the other morning after scoring six goals and making four assists in an exhibition game the night before, bestowed upon me his most beatific countenance, and recited fondly yon little ode:

"Thirty days hath September

April, June and November.

All the rest have peanut butter,

Except Seattle, which has the World's Fair."

And *that* ain't all !! They're gonna let him *out* next year, too !!

Hoooo, boy !!

This is the Easter Season. Let's remember, regardless of what we believe individually, that the Man we remember for this day so long ago believed in His Father, His people and His convictions so much that He walked right up to that cross and died for them. He was a real man.

No man could do more.

See you next issue.

Sam



The ship paused, balanced itself, and slowly descended, riding its blazing column of flame to the land far below. This was the maiden voyage of the Morecego I, the new Q-Class patrol vessel. Built in Angeles Port five years ago the Morecego I was the best of its kind. From the tip of its nose to the trailing edges of the three stubby fins that surrounded the white hot exhaust nozzle, it was a thing of beauty. Mass-ratio did not matter in its construction because it was powered by the new Cyclobore Cosmaphase Converter, called Cyccon. The principle of the drive was simplicity in itself, it simply converted cosmic rays into a chamber, changed them into a rapidly expanding gaseous matter, which, in turn was expelled thru the exhaust nozzle, providing thrust for the rocket.

As the ship touched down it wobbled for a second or two, before the hydraulic stands that it sat upon could get a firm hold on the soil. Inside, Captain Crik Throne congratulated his crew.

"Men," Captain Throne said, "This is the day we've been waiting for. We are the first to ever leave our solar system. The Reds might have been the first off earth, but we're the first out of our system. Now, here's the schedule. When Doc gets finished with his tests and we find out that its okay to go outside, then we'll have a look around.

We will go out in two gangs while the rest stay with the ship in case anything happens. I don't know what we'll find, but I do know that those little blocks we saw when we landed weren't made by nature, she's not that perfect. Now, I will lead the first team and Johnson, Elliot, and Lowe will go with me. The second team will be made up of Corporal Corne, Jansen, Rogers and Savage. Harvey, Slade, McGurney, and Howell will remain with the ship until one of the gangs return, then they can go out. My gang will investigate those blocks out in the desert and Corne, you will take your men to look at the blocks up in that range of hills.

"Well men, that's it I guess. Any questions?"

"Yeah, Cap." It was young Corne. "What if we run into something out there? I mean, what if something comes after us? You never know what there might be."

"Actually," replied the Captain, "You probably won't

find a thing, and if you do, it shouldn't be more than an animal. But, in the case that you do **run** into something and it sees you, retreat immediately. I repeat, immediately. **You** are to take no punitive action except in self defense. Just get away and call me, I'll come running."

At that moment, Doc Elliot burst into the control room, talking excitedly.

"Cap! Cap!" he said, his breath coming in gasps. "I guess I should have used the visor, but I got too excited. Listen to this. Oxygen plus point eight over normal, gravity, is one point three-five, and temperature is ninety one. No poisonous gases in large enough concentration to do any damage. We can go outside anytime we want, without suits.

"All right men," the Captain laughed, "you all heard what Doc said. We'll move at 1300 hours. so get ready."

The air outside the ship was hot and dry, but it was a veritable heaven to the men, who for the past five years had breathed the purified, conditioned air from the hyrophonics tanks. The men stood on the fused sand that looked like great pools of colored glass where the ship's exhaust had touched it. Finally, the group split and the two parties started out in opposite directions across the barren desert.

The second group reached the range of low hills before the first group had even reached the halfway point to their objective. Corporal Corne radioed the Captain to let him know that the hills had been reached and that they were starting in.

They hadn't gone more than a few hundred yards when they found the first of the blocks. It was about eight feet high by about twenty feet square. On two opposite sides there were square holes four feet across and four high. The interior of the block was cold and dark. Hastily Corne called the Captain.

"Cap," he said, you better come over to the hills. We found one of your blocks. And you know what? I think It's a house of some kind."

"A house?" the Captain replied. "Do you see any signs of life?"

"Not a thing, Cap. It's dark inside. What do you want me to do?"

"Don't do a thing," the Captain answered. "We're coming as fast as we can."

It took the Captain and his men six hours to find the other group. By that time night had fallen, but the twin moons that crawled through the sky lit up the landscape with a pale orange light. The temperature had dropped to sixty degrees. Corne and his men were sitting around a small electrastone, eating, when the Captain's gang found them.

The Captain listened carefully to what Corne told him but the last words were shockers.

"And there's something moving around in there, Cap," Corne had said.

"Did you see it?" the Captain asked, worried.

"No, Cap," Corne replied, "just heard it moving around, that's why the guns are broken out."

His last words no sooner said when a low menacing rumble issued from one of the openings in the walls of the "house". Hastily, the men jumped up, their guns coming to bare on the dark hole.

"Do not be afraid, earthmen," said a harsh metallic voice from within the block, "my intentions are entirely peaceful."

"Who are you?" quired the Captain, "and how come you can speak English?"

"I have no name as members of your race," the voice replied. "As for speaking what you call 'English', I must say that it is harder to learn than that of the other."

"Other? Other what?" the Captain asked. "Please come in the open where we can see you."

At first, an ugly, reptilian head came through the opening, then a pair of legs, then another, and another to be followed by a long tapering tail. The creature was standing before them now and they had to look up to see its face. More than anything, it looked like the little collared lizards that roamed the Mojave desert in Southern California, except it was twelve feet long and had six legs. Its body was covered with bright green scales that changed to all the colors of the spectrum as the moonlight played upon them. It stood on its hindmost pair of legs, the other pairs tucked close to its sides. At last it spoke in that queer, high-pitched metallic voice.

"Others?" it said, "Why the other earth creatures, of course."

"There are no other earthmen out here," the Captain retorted angrily "except maybe . . . Oh no! It couldn't be the Reds. Their ship left eight months behind us. They couldn't have a ship that fast. Quick, tell me, what did he look like? What was his name?"

"He looked something like you, although he was much bigger around. He did not tell me his name. He taught me to speak his language and the one you call 'English'." the creature replied. "He gave me these." So saying, the creature held out a top, yo-yo and a small rubber band.

The Captain examined each of the objects closely before speaking.

"I think he cheated you. These are worthless baubles. We call them 'toys' back on earth. This man, when did he get here? Jansen, take this down and figure out how fast that ship of theirs travels."

After a few moments of thought, the creature replied, "I think it was thirty of my days ago that they arrived."

"Say, Cap," Jansen called, "that makes it about eleven days ago, about December twenty-fourth."

"Hmm," the Captain said, "Is he still here on the planet?"

"No," the creature replied, "They left the next morning."

They, huh? How many more were there? What were their names, or do you know?"

"There were eight others, but they were not like him." the creature answered, "they walked on four legs and could not talk. Two of them he called 'Donder' and 'Blitzen'."

continued from page seven

Diefenbaker Concerned Over Cases of "Exile" When Magistrates Issue Order to Leave Town

It is the opinion of Prime Minister Diefenbaker and law officers in the federal department of justice that magistrates and police officers do not have the legal authority to order persons to "leave town." By letter and telephone conversation the Prime Minister replied to questions posed in a Sudbury Star editorial published on Jan. 27.

It has been a practice for many years (and not in Ontario alone) for verbal "orders" to be issued requiring a person to leave the community. Sometimes the "order" has been accompanied by a time limit - "within the next 24 hours" or perhaps "on the next train out." Newspaper reporters with experience on police and court "beats" can probably recall such "orders" being accompanied by a form of threat, such as: "If you are around here tomorrow you will be picked up."

We know of no case where the "order" has been challenged to become a matter of legal record, or to be quoted as a precedent to establish a defence. It was with these thoughts in mind The Sudbury Star posed the questions of "rights" and "legality."

Reproductions of excerpts from letters written by Prime Minister Diefenbaker, published on this page, provide clarification of the points raised. In conversation the Prime Minister stated the opinions were his own and those of officials in the department of justice who studied the questions.

"The punishment of ostracism was one that was practiced, I believe, in an era of Grecian history. There is no justification for it in our society," said the Prime Minister.

"It has always been my view that poverty is never a passport to prison," he continued. It was with this belief that laws have been changed to permit instalment payments for fines. Mr. Diefenbaker said justice could never tolerate "one law for the rich, and another for the poor."

Prime Minister Diefenbaker told The Sudbury Star he was in doubt as to whether any useful purpose would be served by writing a prohibition against such "orders" into the law. He thought "publicity in the newspapers could accomplish more by alerting police and magistrates" to possible infringement of citizenship "rights."

The Prime Minister made it clear that equality under the law is a prime principle in democracy, and that even as poverty is not a passport to prison neither is wealth a passport to freedom. Canadians are well aware that people who can be classed as "undesirables" can be found in all social stratas of society.

It is too much to hope that perfection will ever be reached in the administration of justice, but Canadians can be thankful for a Prime Minister who is deeply conscious of the welfare of the "little people" and that he is never too busy to protect their interests. The responsibility to safeguard the "rights" of citizenship is vested in every law enforcement agency. If a cog slips occasionally it may be found the fault lies more with the "system" than with individuals. When such "slippage" occurs over a period of years it can be mistakenly identified as a working part of the "system" rather than a flaw that has escaped detection. The judicial machine is complex and in such complexity there can be error. #

The Editorial Staff of this magazine is whole-heartedly in agreement with the views expressed in these editorials. To our knowledge, this is the first instance in a very long while in which a newspaper staff undertook to write an editorial *opposing* the fairness and legality of a criminal statute.

We hope that this will open the way for newspapers and publications who wish to state their views on some of our laws, and why, in some instances, they consider them possibly unfair.

It is difficult for a publication of the Penal Press to say much about these things, since most of the writers could be considered biased, due to their position, and it is felt, at least by the staff of this magazine, that too much "crying" is worse than none at all.

We extend our congratulations and best wishes to the Sudbury Daily Star for their fine work, and our appreciation to Mr. John Diefenbaker, Prime Minister of Canada, for his consideration and quick action in the matter. ●



Coming . . .

Another Science-fiction story with a twist

More from Sam

More Views on the Criminal and the Law

‡ Maybe something about girls. (If we can find

someone with a good memory)

BOUND, IN THE ROUND OF A “SQUARE”

Canada has its own brand of self-defense. When the enemy attacks, we'll kiss them to death.

Sam says he's wild about C.J.O.B. staff members. Man, what a sense of humor. One station has you by the throat trying to make you hum and sing along, and the other two belt you with rock and roll 24 hours a day. The only program of any worth on C.J.O.B. is “Nite Life” with the thin man Shwartz. He keeps the talking down to a minimum and a fairly large amount of music he plays is good. The best station has to be C.B.W.. From 4:30 to 6:00 P.M., you can hear Gren Marsh with TEMPO. Mr. Marsh has a very good and very broad taste in music, and his little pieces of satire is top stuff. I think, tho', the Program Director should take another look at his programming. Once or twice a week they have these different reports from Manitoba towns. But who, I ask, wants to hear these reports during the rush hour? I'm sure this is who the station is catering to, and possibly, the wives at home who are preparing the evening meal. I hope, Mr. Director, that you read this. You may do a little rescheduling?

ON THE COMMITTEE: I like people who don't mess around. You are the first to add some stature to this position. I hope you don't give up after two or three months. It would be so easy to conform with what all the other committees have done before you, which was nothing.

GREETINGS: Special hello to Marcelle from Johnny. Hi to Frank K. from Larry, Coady, Frank. Gladys B. says write.....Hello to John (Christy) Brown, everything is well appreciated.....A howdy also to Bill Arnold at N. W. and to “Ava”, that's all from Spogie.... Hi to Mom and Helen and S. An extra big hello to Cookie from Rolly J. ... Hello to Ernie D. in K.P. - Heard from Mimi? Terry M. ... Love to Joyce from Benny Y. ... A big hello to Mom, Dad, Ruth and the family from Ron Ducharme... From me: Hello Mom, sis, Dale Gail, Wayne, Henri, Moe Phillion (Marcel says hi) take it easy Moe. To Lloyd S. in N.W. (Ray says 'hi'). Also to Ivan from me and Johnny H..

One more thing. Through error, last month's “Spheric Contemplation” article which appeared on these pages, should have been by-lined Dave Gardner.

TO CREEP

IS TO LIVE?

by Phil Boily

Because we no longer know what dirt is,
 Or that unearned money can't buy happiness...
 If anything can.
Because we want to live and know no other way,
 We live here,
 Thieving,
 Screaming,
 Eternally scheming.
A perverted place in the sun,
 Where morals don't exist.
 Festering,
 Stinking,
 Always sinking.
On the top and afraid of falling...
On the bottom and frightened of climbing.
 We are no longer able to take a breath,
 To be nourished,
 To make ready,
For whatever tests the later years will bring.
 We are no longer truth tellers,
 But liars.
 You will conform and join.
Be part of.
 You will love your neighbour.
And you will love his wife.
 You will be them,
 Not you.
 Leaving one huge heap of dung.

FROM THE NET OUT

with Ron Miller



"B" LEAGUE

According to the experts (which I am not), the way Teams end up in the League Standings after all scheduled games are played, is a pretty fair indication of who the eventual winners will be come Play-off Time. Russia has been blamed for a lot of things in the past, especially the weather, which their Bombs were supposed to have up-set. I've got a new angle. A little of the "FALL OUT" must have got into some of the players' lungs, and they FELL alright, THEY REALLY FELL.

"B" League, this winter, has played a very pleasing brand of hockey. From a spectator's point of view, this has been the first year, for many years now, where 'B' was just as enjoyable as "A" League to watch. Although space will not permit me to mention all the crowd pleasers, here are some of them.

Camile Lombaert was by far the best Goalie in his League. Young Ken Elder, although small in stature, showed that he was Big enough to lead his team. Jerry Klyne time and again proved to be the hardest worker on the ice, going both ways. Guy (Bang-Bang) Ferrange was a constant threat every time he took his turn on the ice.

The once "MIGHTY RAIDERS", League Titlists, proved to be not so mighty and went down to defeat in three straight games at the hands of the third-place "RANGERS" who showed that Team-work, on a whole, can overcome individualism.

Second-place finishers, the TERRIERS, were highly favored to dispose of the Cellar-dwelling WARRIORS in straight games, but once again the tide turned, "FALL-OUT" took over, and they too, fell. To use a favorite old saying, "OH! HOW THE MIGHTY HAVE FALLEN."

SCORES:

RANGERS VERSUS RAIDERS:

- (1) RANGERS.....8 RAIDERS.....3 (2) RANGERS.....11 RAIDERS.....4
(3) RANGERS... .13 RAIDERS... .2

WARRIORS VERSUS TERRIERS:

- (1) WARRIORS.....12 TERRIERS.....1 (2) WARRIORS.....7 TERRIERS.....1
(3) WARRIORS.....6 TERRIERS.....4

They say that lightening never strikes in the same place twice, but every now and then a situation arises. The Ice Surface of the Stony Mountain Arena was the scene of one of these occurrences lately, when the cellar dwelling "Bruins", after losing their first encounter to their rival cousins the "Canadians", came to life and took the next three meetings in a handy fashion to advance into the "A" League Finals against the League Champion "Hawks".

Both the first and second games could have gone either way, but then the edge was given to the "Bruins" when the "Canadians" lost their fine centre and play maker Lyons for the rest of the Season due to an ankle injury. If this wasn't enough to discourage the "Canucks", another blow was dealt when their "All-Star" goal keeper, Pete Roski was forced to sit out the game that meant their elimination with a back injury. That's where bench strength took over, and the quickly tiring Canucks were forced to hang up their skates for another year. A lot of mileage was gotten out of McGee, Smoke. "Boomer" Bill Smith, and Co., but the Bruins were up for the big one, and couldn't be denied.

Bruins Stars, "Silent" Gene Hutchinson, "Digger" Boily, and goalie "Moe" Fero were at their best. The steady defensive work of "Basher" Gilhooley and Dougie Derocher couldn't go by without being noticed either. To make it as brief as possible, and to the point, coach Jack Stephens had his Bruin Team going both ways for him in this series, which pleased him very much, and as far as Jack was concerned, it made up for the humiliation he suffered at the hands of the Canucks earlier in the Season.

It was a good Semi-Final, but it would undoubtedly have been better if the Red and Blue were up to full strength. Frank Perrault deserves a lot of credit for his teams showing this year, and likeable Frankie promises to be back next year bigger and better than ever.

SCORES:	(1) Canadians 4	Bruins 1	
(2) Bruins 8	Canadians 5	(3) Bruins 12	Canadians 3
(4) Bruins 13	Canadians 2		

HAWKS 'A' League Champions



"RANGERS COP "B" TITLE"

Dave Keatchie added another notch to his growing list of Awards when his Rangers walked off with the "B" League Championship. The Rangers have to be called the Team of Destiny for 1962. Given very little chance of even becoming a strong contender come Play-off time, they reversed the tide, and now Hold, for this year at least, the Coveted Silverware. The Warriors, the opposition in this Series played heads up hockey themselves, but a few weaknesses in a couple of departments meant the difference between Victory and "Just Wait 'Till Next Year". The playing of Ranger Captain, Fred Mitcheli, St. Germain, Caverly, Nesecapow, Leclerc and others proved an Old Point of Discussion, a team that plays together, wins together. This, to my way of thinking, is proof enough. Warrior Coach, Joe Houle, did a marvelous and commendable job with his team which he took over late in the Season, Joe's only trouble was that he didn't have enough talent to go around. A few more players with the ability of Pat Montgomery and Ken Elder, could have meant the difference in this Series.



"HAWKS HOLD "A" CROWN"

After a hard fought, disputable Series, the Hawks, under the guiding hand of Mike Fika, ended up as reigning Champions for 1962. Given very little chance against the Champions, the fired-up Bruins weren't giving anything away, and it took 60 minutes of hockey in each of the 5 games played for a Hawk Victory. The Hawks were badly out-played in the first two games of this affair, but yet they were able to have a 1-1 standing after the smoke cleared. That's all they needed, and after that they never looked back. The disputed third game was the turning point. A ruling of the Hockey Commissioner ended all controversy. That put the Bruins down 2-1 in the series, and they never recovered. Les Sinden, as always, had himself a bang-up series, as did John Roulette, Hayden, and the one and only Issy Primeau, of all people. Bruin stalwarts, Hutch, Boily, Balharry, Derocher, Cadotte, Irish and Fero played well too, but the Hawks were just a little too strong for the Bruins. Bruin's Coach, Jack Stevens, had the Horses, but not enough of them. Hail the CHAMPS!

CURLING

R. J. Duncan



Results of the Don Hambleton Memorial Bonspiel

First : Tinny Lahoski

Second: Al Funk

Third: Jim Hewitt

A fine bonspiel, enjoyed by all.

I keep telling myself it was, anyway. But there are a lot of people asking me (after last month's column), "How come the best curler in the joint wasn't on a winning team?" (wise guys)

Well, I'll tell you. There are a lot of things to be considered. First, there was Valentine's Day, and then I got my new shoes, then John Glenn went around the world, and Easter was coming, and, well, you know how it is. . .

You see, we were 6 up going into the last half of the game, when we suddenly realized Harry the Horse was *sober* ! Now, everyone knows that when the Horse is sober he couldn't hit a cow in the shovel with a bucket, so there you are. Really, though, it wasn't the Horse's fault. Nor was it Ed Jenik's, or Hank's. And it certainly wasn't mine ! (Not as long as I'm writing this column, it isn't). It's that Tartan broom of Al Funk's. That's what it is.

But I have to say that, throughout the whole year, Tinny's team has had just a little too much depth for all of us. On the team were Tinny, third Gord Unrow, second Jim London, and then, digging real deep, lead Johnny Heikennen, who got almost as many points as he did votes. (What am I laughing about?)

But this bunch of old men *lost* a game this year too, you know ! And *they* had a 6 - 0 lead, too ! Nonchalant Lahoski and the Cool Curlers. . . Ah, confidence. . . The next thing they knew, they were looking at a six end. I was up all night laughing.

Hutcherson surprised me by not getting as far in the 'spiel as most of us assumed he would. I don't know what happend, Hutch, but it's been suggested that we see someone who is doing knitting and having a sort-of nose-mitten made that you could hang on your glasses and

I have been told that I shouldn't have called this the Hambleton *Memorial* Bonspiel. Ain't he dead ? Has anyone had a look at him lately ?

Rolly Jonasson and Jake McLean tried their best, but that style of curling hasn't been invented yet. "How to Win Games and Influence Curling Rocks", indeed. "Friends, Curlers, lend me your broom. I come not to lose the match, but to hit the button." How can you curl with a clenched fist in the air? And how about Jake? A broom in one hand, a rock in the other, and seven speeches in his pocket.

A certain guy has asked me, "How come you don't mention *me* in that column of yours?" So, - in recognition of his Great and Wondrous Talent on the Rinks, and with special regard for his Extreme Modesty, I would now like to present . . .

the One ! the Only !

★ BILL BOMSCHNA ★

★

Bosncham ? Bnamchas ? Boschman ? Boschnmo ?

Oh, hell. Forget it.



Bonspiel Champs

Well, the long-johns have been turned in for the year. It's been a fine season all around. Speaking for everyone concerned, I would say that we had a real ball out there on the rinks. I hate to say it, but most of us will have a ball out there next winter, too.

'Till then, bet the Yankees, bet the Browns and the Colts, and bet the Montreal Alouettes. You'll have enough to bet on curling next year. ★

EDITOR

THE



REMARKS



Beginning with the next issue, my smiling face will move to the front of the magazine. If, the rest of the staff will let me. From then on, this page will be reserved for an Exchange column. If the other penal press editors are anything like myself, this will be the first page they look at.

We also hope for, but are not going to promise, some news on the new Farm Camp and Recreation Building for the next issue.

X X X X X X X X

Do you have bad luck picking winners? Do the underdogs always win when you bet on the favorites? Well, here's a solution. Come out and meet the newest addition to the Echoes staff, Bill Lyons. Find out who he favors, then bet on the opposite. An easterner, Bill is like the rest of us, not too bright. Yet, he has an edge over us. Where we only talk to ourselves, he talks and answers himself too.

All kidding aside, though, Bill is a welcome addition as the second member of our typesetting team. When he goes back east, he may even be able to spell.

X X X X X X X X

At this time each year we are usually busy trying to find out the costs of the supplies needed for the next fiscal year. But thanks to Mr. Dave Caldwell of Birt Printers and Mr. Thomsen of the penitentiary staff, our task is a little easier. With the Paper samples and the price list they obtained for us, costs can be figured almost to the penny. Thank you again gentlemen, your help and your interest is really appreciated.

X X X X X X X X

Till next issue, Good Luck.

Picture of a man stuck on a
park bench with nothing to read.



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to look after that yourself), but we can see that
you have something to read .

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